

FREEDOM

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TWELVE PENCE

TO EACH ACCORDING . . .

MORALITY HAS always been the province of the working class in art and sex, and in the matter of race relationship it is the working class who have been called upon and have had to, reluctantly, put into practice all those good solid christian ethics of the liberal-minded middle class. Despite the National Front, despite the vicious behaviour of Rachmanite landlordism in evicting the kith to make way for the overcrowding and higher rent paying of our kin, the working class have managed to come to terms with the race situation if it is no more than a sharing of the misery that makes us companions in misfortune. Thirteen Asians arrived in Britain as citizens of this country and their misfortune was that they did not make their way to the overcrowded semi-slums of one of our major cities but that they trod ground at Hillingdon, a rich residential area, and the burghers of Hillingdon found that they had a legal responsibility to house these two families.

Hillingdon is a rich residential area and the only accommodation that could be found was in the luxury Airport Hotel in rooms costing £117.00 a night. The Sun newspaper broke the story and within editions the whole of the sewer press jumped on the lavatory seat and these unfortunate Asians found themselves the victims of a cruel and vicious act of organised race baiting with the, pre-war fascist, Daily Mail giving the matter front page news in the company of the National Front and the breakaway National Party.

It is a mean and evil matter perpetrated by men and women sitting in Fleet Street offices miles away from the action and like so many of these newspaper witch hunts it is usually directed against men and women who do not have access to the organs of mass communication. With a banner-waving mob of local working class dead beats to give visual and vocal support to the hate campaign, Hooley the Chief Executive of the West Sussex County Council quickly 'winkled' out the Asian families and planted them in a Midhurst 'ex'-workhouse. Now the National Party can preen itself over winning two seats in council elections and jeer at the failure of the National Front who increased its share of the votes without gaining a seat and the Daily Mail and the rest of our "free press" can continue to keep us informed as to whether a leading politician did or did not have a gay relationship without telling the newspaper staff.

What have the working class gained in this organised display of racial bigotry apart from making bloody fools of

themselves for the readership of the sewer press! The one simple question they should have asked themselves was why in a time of alleged national sacrifice when wage rises are to be less than the cost of living, hotel accommodation outside London is a £100.00 a week and more and who in this siege society is paying this, and what has been gained by bounding out these two unfortunate families into the local workhouse. Surely commonsense dictates that every immigrant family should be housed in high price luxury hotel space if it is available rather than in the overcrowded working class areas of our cities; and this is not sophistry comrades, for I would pray to see the Ritz and the Hiltons used as half-way houses rather than the local workhouses of the wealthy dormitory suburbs.

Alderman John Bartlett of the Labour controlled council has warned, and I love the word, that 4,000 more Malawi Britishers are on their way to Hillingdon and he has stated that "they needn't think Hillingdon is a soft touch". And if they come and when they come, and let us bid them welcome, where must they be housed? As rent bait for any scum slum landlord in another overcrowded working-class street? No, comrades. In the name of good housing and good relationships let us demand loudly and clearly that these newcomers to these islands shall be housed in all those rich and fashionable hotels and after that then all beautiful vacant mansions and houses from Edinburgh via Bath to Park Lane and if the rich residents protest, then let us know how they can dodge the pretended Healey tax axe by paying £100, £200 (or more?) a week rent -- and just once let those who dictate our liberal morality practise it themselves.

Lumpenproletariat.

itself a justification of Ulrike Meinhof's decision to break with her former career and associations. But the tactics of confrontation, rather than subversion, that she adopted, led her as vanguard actions do, into a kind of weird and sterile no-man's-land in which ideals are fought for through the partial or complete suspension of that compassion which originally inspired them. Her tragedy is not principally as they would have us believe, of one who has strayed from the strait and narrow path, but of one who saw all too clearly where it ended up -- then followed a strait and narrow path of her own, not very different after all.

EDITORS.

ULRICK MEINHOF

THE DEATH of Ulrike Meinhof, whether by her own hand or another's, has led inevitably to much comment in the press and to a wealth of speculation about her last days and last thoughts.

Now that she is dead it is easier for the establishment hacks to sound a little sorry and condescending about it all. A classical tragedy, says The Times which, like its competitors, cannot refrain from indulging in a Balzacian account of the fall from idealism and worldly success to degradation and despair ... what a waste! The talent, they say, that could have served society that was then open to it, thrown away on young fanatics and on sordid adventurism!

It has been tempting to ascribe her suicide, if suicide it was, to the recent arguments that are said to have embittered relations between the RAF leaders (but they don't mention the rigours of long, long isolation and confinement). Like the British Amnesty chairman, Oestreicher (who lets no-one forget he had met them, and who still glories in the unconvincing and ambiguous role of father confessor) it has been tempting to ascribe it to her growing isolation from the rest of the group and to increasing doubts about the actions and philosophical base of the RAF.

Unless she had completely succumbed to the intellectual safety of fanaticism, it would be strange if she had remained immune to the criticisms of left-wing radicals and anarchists who, while often not condemning armed struggle per se, reject the necessarily elitist and militaristic structure and concepts of such "urban guerrilla" groups. We shall probably know more of this at a later date from Ulrike Meinhof's own writings.

But though many of us may share these criticisms, the comments of those who see the failure of the Baader-Meinhof group in their direct or indirect encouragement of overt state repression, are splendidly fatuous! Ulrike Meinhof withdrew from "success" when she realised that capitalism enjoyed her anger -- was fascinated and entertained by it. And those who think, like the writer of The Times editorial, that dissidents should be grateful for a "hearing" without pushing the state too far, have wretchedly failed to understand the real significance - or resilience - of the state, just as they have already forgotten, if ever they knew, the significance of its manifestation in Vietnam.

The ignorance and superficiality of such "liberalism", which reduces serious contestation to the level of a debating society (and, moreover, without the advantages of such societies), is in

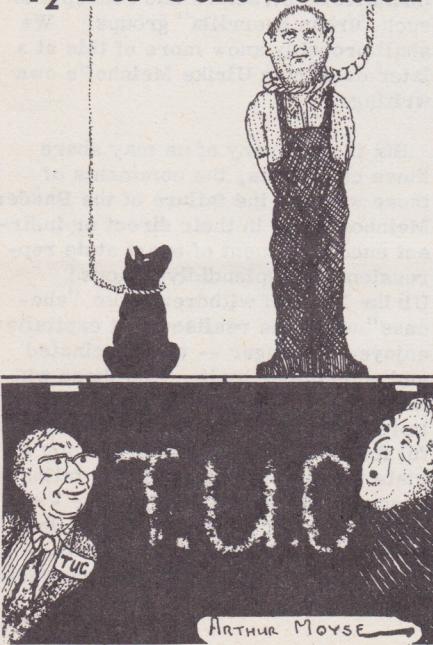
PAYING FOR THE CRISIS

IF WE as anarchists, unlike those who form the many varieties of 'socialist', had any faith in leaders and leadership we would be joining in their chorus of 'betrayal' on hearing of the TUC and the government agreeing on the next year's pay limits. Saying "We told you so" gives us little comfort. For there can be no 'betrayal' when it is plain that the members of the TUC and the government have the very same basic interests at heart. They are concerned that the profits of the employers should be maintained and increased. For without those profits the whole edifice of the capitalist system starts to crumble. It is this prospect that the trade union bureaucrats and the politicians want to avoid at all costs.

However, when it does come to costs, it is the working class who will have to pay. It is the very people and their families who by hand and brain actually produce the real wealth who will have to make the sacrifices. Our trade union leaders, as leaders always do, have different interests and life style from those of the members they are supposed to represent. They are concerned with the 'economy' and the 'balance of payments', and the survival of a Labour government.

As we wrote in FREEDOM vol. 37 No. 8, the Chancellor's wage limit Budget offer was pitched low, with alternatives, to ensure 'room for horse trading'. All this has meant is a 1½% increase on the offer of 3% with the promised tax concessions. This will give people earning up to £50 a week a £2.50 increase. For a married man with two children earning the princely sum of £30 a week this will

The 4½-Per-Cent Solution



"SORRY WE KEPT YOU HANGING ABOUT LAD BUT WE HAD TO WORK OUT THE SIZE OF YOUR DROP."

bring, with the tax concessions, £3.16 extra. With inflation at around 15% a year, it doesn't take a genius to work out who is at the losing end of this deal. The government rejected TUC requests for some price controls and the only thing they gave away was an extra £50million which had already been budgeted for from public expenditure funds. This money will prevent school meals increasing by 5p and will give help in making extra jobs and training.

One of the provisions which could have helped would have been for the increase to be consolidated into basic rate. This would have created what is known as 'wage drift', in that both overtime and bonus calculations would have been affected. There are also no exceptions like productivity agreements. Like the £6 limit, it is a payment for the basic hours worked in the industry, but unlike the £6 it will not be an entitlement but will have to be negotiated. On this point the TUC and the government seem to disagree, but the Chancellor has said that some firms might not be able to pay the full increase.

The agreement comes 50 years after

SPEED-UP AT

LEYLANDS

BRITISH LEYLAND provide one of today's instant headlines and their Triumph plant at Canley, Coventry has recently provided a situation of interest to us. Nine months ago an agreement was made concerning track speeds. Until recently pay rises had been negotiated on a year July-July, whereas most of British Leyland worked January-January. It was agreed that if productivity (that word!) was raised by 5% (one extra car per hour), then £6 per week rises would be brought forward to April. A similar deal next year would bring them into line with everybody else, negotiating January-January. However the Government (who are rumoured to have some influence in British Leyland) will not allow this; £6 rises can only be given annually. So no money is forthcoming and of course in July they won't be able to have £6 due to revised pay codes, shiny new social contracts and all the other paraphenalia of modern life.

Naturally the men were'nt pleased about this and said that they would revert to the former 20 cars an hour. The management, shedding crocodile tears, claimed that 21 cars was the negotiated level and must be maintained. So -- a 'dispute'. Various harassments culminated in the men saying that they could run the place on their

the General Strike and is an appropriate reminder that trade union leaders do not want a confrontation with the constituted authority of the state. Indeed, now that the state is administered by a Labour government, such a deal had a better chance of being achieved. Like in 1926, the trade unionist of today does not distrust leaders enough. They accept decisions made over their heads. It means that the working class, as in 1926, will have to pay for the present crisis.

While we have a system of exploitation and injustice, workers will have to pay for any crisis that comes along. The system is built to exploit every aspect of our lives in order to create a profit. The wages we receive are no payment or recompense for what people suffer and put up with while at work. Higher wages, like the 'right to work', are a part of our continuing wage slavery. Wage increases are only demands, and if exploitation is to end then people will have to take control of their work places. This cannot come from the statutes of government but only from the actions of working people. A working people which distrusts leaders and is convinced that it can organise production and distribution for themselves on a basis of solidarity and mutual aid.

P. T.

own (cried of "I told you so" from the anarchists on the sidelines) and they locked the foremen in their office and proceeded to do so. (These foremen are a sore point anyway; there's 12 new ones appeared in the last year, largely to supervise the extra car per hour). The foremen, being human, were aggrieved at this and refused to collect and distribute the wages, which is apparently the only useful thing they do anyway.

The next development is that the management, screaming about anarchy (a more perceptive analysis than they probably realised) started to picket the gates to prevent entry of materials, which, of course, stopped production entirely. Faced with this a meeting was held on Friday 23 April, a show of hands was too close to estimate and a ballot was held which gave a hairline majority in favour of giving the 21 cars per hour. Now, with 75½ of the rise being dangled, everybody has clammed up and won't discuss the matter.

Further points are a statement that Triumph cars will cease to be made at Canley, only engines, gearboxes, &c. 8,000 people work at Canley. And as usual the unions are in there fighting. Eddie McGarry (TGWU convenor and chief shop steward) has appeared on television and waffled. Informed opinion tells me that Brother McGarry considers himself in line for a seat on the Board. Still it was fun in there for a while, with the men organising production, the foremen barricaded in their office and the management picketing the gates to cripple production!

Correspondent.

NATIONAL FRONT

AT BRADFORD

ON APRIL 24, the National Front marched through Manningham, a largely immigrant area of Bradford. A counter-demonstration organised by Bradford Trades Council attracted 5,000, including anarchists from groups in Bradford, Leeds and Warwick.

The organisers of this counter-demonstration, in collusion with the police, provided a merely token protest: marching towards the town centre and away from the immigrant area where the National Front were meeting. Many of the rank-and-file of the anti-Front march thought it more important to stop the fascists marching through Manningham; it was not question of denying the National Front free speech but of stopping a provocative parade of white supremacism deliberately staged in a predominantly immigrant area to intimate and divide local people. Anarchists and gays took the lead in trying, at least three times, to get the counter-march to stop and block the road but although the marchers often wavered the stewards were always able to get them back in line.

When we reached the city centre rallying point, however, and the marchers realised they were in the city centre while the fascists were in the undefended Manningham area, about a 1,000 people broke away and raced back. These people tried to block the Front's path by sitting down in Manningham Lane - a main road. The police moved in with horses and the Leeds Anarchist banner which was in the front line was completely destroyed. The anti-fascists threw up barricades of police barriers while local kids, immigrant and native, began to pelt the police with stones and bottles. The police horses charged, the anti-fascists were driven all the way up the road and eventually the racists got into their meeting place, a school, 85% of whose pupils are Asian.

Over 20 anti-fascists were arrested including one anarchist. At the back of the school a crowd stoned the police guarding the fascists, overturned a police van and car, attempted to set fire to these, demolished a wall for ammunition and put in a couple of shop windows. The intensity of the violence was undoubtedly caused by previous police harassment in the area. The local kids, black and white, seemed to regard the police as fascists in their own right. This isn't surprising: one policeman told our arrested comrade that he hated 'niggers' and thought all bus conductors (our comrade being a bus conductor) ought to be beaten up anyway.

The most positive aspects of the affair were the bad press the Front received and the way the local people both immigrant and native were united

in opposition to the Front and participated in the counter demos. The following Saturday the Front called off a motorcade through Leeds and Bradford when a sit-down in Manningham Lane was threatened. The sit-down of 60 or so people, including Leeds and Bradford anarchists, went ahead anyway. The carnival atmosphere of the demonstrators, who wore paper hats and false noses, didn't prevent 12 arrests. A fund has been set up to help those arrested. Send any financial donations to:

Manningham Defendants' Fund,
41, Athol Road, Bradford 8.

PRIVATE EYE

OR PUBLIC SCHOOL?

IT IS WITH no hint of sour grapes that one confesses no strong liking for Private Eye. There is some envy of its 80,000 circulation, but if circulation is a guide to worthiness we are indeed in a parlous state with the Sun and the News of the World leading the field.

Basically it has gained circulation by its exposé methods. It has exposed the Poulson and Maudling scandals which other papers (with more to lose) would not journalistically touch. It has secured much of its material from 'informed sources' in and around Fleet Street -- who, one understands, are denied the satisfactions of the exposé in their own native columns. At the same time, one cannot exclude the planted story - for a City deal for example - the private grudge or the purely malicious from finding its way into Private Eye.

However, at its best, it has a salutary effect in exposing corruption in high places and giving a good satirical treatment to the fads and follies of this world. At its more consistent and persistent worst it descends to the level of schoolboy humour and the love-hate type of satirical treatment by Establishment parasites who despise the Establishment from which they gain their living and use P.E. as a purge or a confessional.

Jonathan Miller (who has been the target of some of P.E.'s satire, since at times he sounds like sole proprietor of Pseud's Corner) said on BBC radio 4's "Start the Week", echoing Tom Hopkinson's criticism of its 'schoolboy' attitude, "It isn't just schoolboy, it's public schoolboy - and associated with minor public schools there's a peculiar form of underlying Thirties country-house fascism which I think can be traced back to people like Chesterton, a sort of Thames-side rural hatred of the modern life of the great city. A faint tone of antisemitism runs through the magazine, an anti-intellectualism, a hatred of homosexuals, and I think that there are some features which overlap with that rather regrettable magazine Action française in the Twenties." Dr. Miller, who had previously declared his interest, in that he had been regularly lampooned in the

Eye, went on to develop his rather exaggerated 'Thames-side' theme but concluded by saying that their ability to "uncover corruption in the areas of business and commerce is marvellous, but they splatter themselves over a much wider area and go into really very ugly campaigns against people like Jeremy Thorpe."

With some of Dr. Miller's remarks, allowing for some personal bias, one can express agreement but at the heart of Private Eye (if it has one) is a lack of commitment to any cause whether fascism, antisemitism, anti-intellectual or anti-homosexual; there is merely a nagging nihilism to bolster up the commercial survival of Private Eye itself: the means has become the end.

This viewpoint is further substantiated by an interview in The Observer (2.5.76) with Richard Ingrams (editor P.E.) by Pearson Phillips in which Ingrams comments on the disasters which confront Private Eye in the shape of criminal libel actions. "Mr. Ingram Ingrams," Phillips reports, "sees this as the outward sign of a change of heart towards the magazine on the part of what used to be called 'the Establishment'. Richard Ingrams said, 'In times of national stress, like a threatening war or a worsening economic situation the Liberal [sic] concensus begins to collapse. People become more settled and cemented in their views and attitudes. It happened to Claude Cockburn's The Week magazine in the thirties. The arrival of the war finished it. There is a closing of the ranks and an unwillingness to tolerate fault-finding. I detect something like that now. After all, if this criminal libel case had come up 10 years ago, wouldn't there have been a general outcry?'"

One assumes that Ingrams' "liberal" concensus should have a small 'l' but nevertheless this heartily demonstrates the flaw in the make-up and nature of Private Eye.

Political ignorance is shown by the reference to Claude Cockburn and The Week. The Week was published up to 1940 and was probably banned about the same time as the Daily Worker - in any case the Soviet-Nazi pact killed it. As Ralph Bates said, "It cleared the pinks out of politics."

On the other hand "a threatening war or a worsening economic situation increases the circulation of radical papers which have a sense of purpose and commitment. The wartime history of War Commentary, Peace News, Forward, etc. show the falsity behind Ingrams' argument -- and his support."

Despite this criticism of the weaknesses of Private Eye it is important that the freedom of the press be defended against the enlargement of the law of libel that has been introduced like a steam hammer to crack this nut. Mr. Justice Wien decided in the case of Mr. Jimmy Goldsmith, the financier, versus the editors, publishers and dist-

(cont. on p. 4)

RALF STEIN

POLITICAL TRIAL AS FARCE is how Befreiung describes the proceedings against Ralf Stein in Cologne from 30 March to 9 April. As stated in our last issue, Ralf was sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment of which he had already served 12 in pre-trial detention in Köln-Ossendorf. But the arrest warrant was suspended. He is therefore free, and was able to come to the FREEDOM office during a few days-visit to England last week. But the threat of a re-trial, possibly in a year or so's time, still hangs over him. (The prosecution had demanded 4 years' gaol.)

As we reported in our issue of 3.4.76, Ralf Stein was arrested on 14 April of the previous year and charged with five offences: 1) membership of a "criminal association"; 2) illegal possession of guns and ammunition; 3) offence against the act controlling war armaments; 4) illegally listening to the police radio; 5) helping an escaped prisoner (Dieter Hartmann, who had been cared for by Red Help).

The evidence for the main charges was primarily based on the evidence of Norbert Hofmann and Katharina May, who during interrogation were alleged to have confessed that "a certain Stone" had helped them hide weapons. The first three charged were, however, known to lack any substantial proof before the trial began, and its political nature fully emerged as soon as the

PRIVATE EYE OR PUBLIC SCHOOL?

(Cont. from P.3)

ributors of Private Eye that the case should be treated as one of criminal libel, which carries with it risk of imprisonment or at best a crippling fine. Notably the effect of the imminence of such a case upon distributors who understandably fight shy of handling any issues of Private Eye for fear of libellous involvement.

It will not have escaped notice that Mr. 'Tiny' Rowland, a business rival of Mr. Jimmy Goldsmith, has offered to contribute substantially to Private Eye's legal costs -- which may not be an altogether altruistic act. It is conceivable that Mr. Goldsmith may not emerge untarnished or unwounded from the legal affray.

Nevertheless even to fight a legal action is financially crippling. Mr. Jeremy Thorpe referring to a person whose name escapes us said, "What's the point in suing someone who's living on supplementary benefit?" Indeed. However when the shit hits the fan few emerge from the Law Courts without a stain.

It is obvious that the 'permissive society' and its hoorays that Private Eye thrived on is gone. But the freedom of the press is still worth fighting for.

Jack Robinson.

prosecution witnesses were questioned in court.

From the prosecution's point of view, of course, their incriminating statements were credible and their exonerating statements "clearly made under pressure" - a charge which the defence lawyer also made against the prosecution. (The systematic sabotage by prosecutor and presiding judge of the cross-examination of Katharina May, when the defence counsel suggested she had been pressurised by the police, prompted a hot-tempered outburst from the auditorium and the cry "This will certainly be hushed up" was punished with three days' disciplinary arrest!) But the exchange of accusations between prosecution and defence was possible because of the clearly contradictory and confused nature of the statements made by all the prosecution witnesses, including the two LKA (Landeskriminalamt) officers, and sufficed to bathe the whole trial in an aura of rather bad farce and third-rate fiction.

Hofmann and May said they had not recognised Stein. May said the name "Stone" has been suggested to her by the LKA, and Hofmann that he had heard the name from "May". The allegations of the LKA officials were equally unsound. (One of them, Bogertz, had been brought in at the last minute to replace the shady witness Jürgen Bodeux, who apparently feared for his life and was refusing to make a public statement.) Their assertions about potentially dangerous electrical equipment being found in Ralf Stein's lodgings were contradicted by his landlady who said she had never seen them.

Further evidence of the collusion between prosecution and presiding judge, Liptow, came when the defence lawyer criticised the unsatisfactory procedural methods of the trial, and unavailability of certain information to the defence. The judge said the matter could be raised during the rehearing -- a peculiarly clumsy error on his part, to say the least. The lawyer, of course, pointed out that this pre-supposed the inevitability of a sentence, and thus demonstrated the judge's clear partiality.

Another aspect of the trial was the way in which it brought attention to the question of prolonged solitary confinement - not in the case of Ralf Stein himself but certainly in that of the witness Lothar Gend, who is serving a 15-year sentence, of which the last two have been spent in strict isolation. For 5½ months he has been on hunger strike, and for 6 months has been so ill with arthritis he has been unable to leave his cell. Lothar Gend said at the trial that he had not been told the reason for his summons in advance, and his request to see his lawyer was turned down. The doctor responsible had explained to him that treatment was not compatible with state security. State security, in other words, was

more important than the life of individual detainees.

During the trial Ralf Stein refused to make a legalistic statement of "guilt" or "innocence" but described his political background and work. In his conversation later with members of the FREEDOM group, he described his prison conditions. The prison consisted of ten blocks in rows and every block had 67 cells. These were nearly all one-man cells and there were only 3 four-man cells. The day would start with a loudspeaker awakening call at 6.30 am and the lights would then be switched on. Breakfast was at 7 am in the cell. From 7.45 to 8.45 was the exercise period. But on Saturdays and Sundays only one half-hour was given for exercise. During the week there would be meeting groups held each day for work, leisure and so forth. However, on Saturdays and Sundays these were not available and so 23½ hours would be spent in the cell which amounts to solitary confinement. for 23½ hours a day for those, like Ralf, in the single-man cells.

Stein also mentioned several other comrades (not necessarily anarchist) such as the Turkish Mustafa Tutkun and three other Turks who were in jail and virtually in solitary for 22 months. (Apparently these have been released but they may be deported which would mean their almost certain death.)

Another comrade mentioned was Gertraud Will, who was imprisoned for apparently "supporting" the political activities of her fiancé Ruland Otto. Many comrades imprisoned by the authorities are not anarchists but belong to the röte communists (council communists). He also spoke of Lothar Gend who is mentioned above, and of Wolfgang Untmann who was placed in solitary confinement whilst wounded from a shoot-out with the police and left untreated. Lothar Gend, although suffering from arthritis was refused permission to go to hospital for "security reasons".

Ralf Stein was very concerned about these and many other political prisoners who have been arrested, wounded (e.g. Karl Heinz Roth) by police bullets and so on.

However, even if Ralf's re-trial (appeal by the prosecution against the suspension of the arrest warrant) goes in his favour and he is cleared of his charges, there is always the possibility of further charges from the inventive German state prosecution. For instance, because Ralf Stein has sold various copies of the anarcho-syndicalist magazine Befreiung which have been extremely critical of the murderous activities of the German police he could be charged with offending the integrity of the German State (a ludicrous "crime" not yet invented in this country).

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It has been pointed out by other observers of the Stein trial as of the former Turkish trial in Cologne, that the

names and addresses of all visitors were listed, and that this is an offence against the principle of the open trial. It is thought and is almost certainly true, that these lists are passed on to the board which "defends" the constitution, and is connected with the Berufsverbot, under which so-called extremists are forbidden from taking up any state employment.

ITALIAN DISTORTION

"IN THE Republican State founded on the Constitution the political and social struggle must be fought with democratic methods of confrontation between all those sections of society which accept the Constitution without question. Those groups placing themselves outside or against the Constitution will be fought with the forces of law, but above all with continuous education and political and social initiatives (the fight against unemployment...)"

These were the words of Giorgio Amendola, a leading spokesman of the Italian Communist Party. Obviously with the Communists in power Giovanni Marini will remain in jail "to be educated" since he places himself "outside or against the Constitution".

This type of speech is an attempt by the Communist Party to disassociate itself from any possibly embarrassing incidents as regards their electoral chances on June 20th. They are attempting to, and have now openly threatened, to get rid of all the "embarrassing" extra-parliamentary groups (ranging from the Marxist-Leninist parties to the anarchists). This article by Amendola frequently employs Leninist terms of abuse familiar to many anarchists, such as "petty bourgeois" or "infantilist" to describe any groups who have proved a difficulty in the past for their spontaneous activities, including the Student Movement and "extreme left groups". Of course, these groups as a result of their activities have inevitably become involved in violence, some purposefully (e.g. Brigate Rosse) and some involved through police overreaction (e.g. the Student Movement of the late sixties or the Feminist demonstrators now). Some groups have arisen from the poor quarters of the Italian cities, often unemployed, often poor, and now politically angry. These have adopted violent methods of demonstration under the umbrella term of "Autonomia Operaia" and have libertarian socialist ideals.

Of course Amendola claims that all these are inconsequential, petty bourgeois and are all helping the fascists' policy of creation of tensions. The real embarrassing fact for the Communist Party is that these groups are responding to a drastic situation whilst the Communists have been blocking struggles with this kind of

lame excuse so as to make life easier for the Christian Democrats (whom they wish to marry) and, they hope, to increase their votes from the frightened and concerned Italian bourgeoisie whilst maintaining their votes from their purposefully ill-informed working class supporters.

Since they are near to power, incidentally, they are clearing the way for a society which will have political pluralism in their terms (i.e. no threat to the power and exploitation of the State). It is no accident that in the run-up to the June 20th elections the "embarrassing" left has been strongly criticised by the P.C.I. whilst the thoroughly corrupt Christian Democrats have been praised as a good anti-fascist party born in the Resistance etc. ... even though they have aided several fascists to murder innocent people on several occasions in the past few years.

Viva L'Anarchia !

Francesco.

U.S.A.

WHAT A WAY TO RUN A STRIKE!

RIGHT NOW 1900 craft workers who work for the city have been on strike for close to a month. The bus drivers have been respecting the craft workers' picket lines, so there is no bus service in San Francisco. Of course, none of the unions have any strike fund. And welfare has been denied them because the strike is "illegal". In other words, the strike is bleeding to death.

I am not on strike. I fought for a strike vote -- the city gave us 4%. (They intend to cut the pay of the craft workers -- the craft workers have always been the highest paid and therefore in a sense the most vulnerable.) Pickets were put up and I stayed out of work for a week, but nearly everyone went thru the picket lines, so the pickets were withdrawn. My union passed a motion for a general strike which I brought up before the Labor Council two weeks ago. I was ruled out of order. I didn't even try at the meeting of the Labor Council last night. The head of the Labor Council asked everyone to send postcards to the Board of Supervisors, etc., etc.

I never quite complete realized the ineptness of the union leaders. Apart from our political differences, they don't know how to run a strike. (My theory is that they've sold out for so many years, they don't know what's going on. It takes two to class collaborate. And all of a sudden the bourgeoisie doesn't want to collaborate.) At one point there were two strike HQs because two of the union officials can't stand each other. The head of the Labor Council called for a General Strike without setting a date and then called it off.

I don't know if the English papers

have carried anything on this strike. But it's clear the union movement is going down the drain in San Francisco. In the process the entire bureaucracy has lost any kind of prestige it once had. The rank and files are pretty sympathetic even to leaflets signed with a subversive name like "Socialist Appeal" - but they're not revolting against the leadership.

All the radicals have been calling for a General Strike (plus a few bureaucrats made some sounds in that direction) with the exception of the Socialist Workers' Party. (The SWP in my union voted with the union leadership against a strike -- this isn't quite as unimportant as it seems because the margin was only 9 votes.) But I think we're the only ones not just calling for a General Strike to support the craft workers but a general strike to demand a 35 hour week for all workers. (The city is trying to make the craft workers who now work a 35 hour week to work 40 hours.) *

And the place where I work is now in a crisis. I work for the Welfare Department. The head of the Dept. sat us down yesterday and informed us that the Dept. was \$300,000 short and there is no money to pay the checks on June 15th. Also the Board of Supervisors intends to cut the budget from \$8 million to \$4 million for the fiscal year beginning July 1. Of course, his plan is to co-opt us in suggesting ways to cut off clients. Anyway, we may see a few riots at my office. . .

"Earl".

*The "we" are a small Trotskyist group, of whose paper, "Socialist Appeal" also mentioned in the article, the writer is editor. The SWP is another Trotskyist group. EDS. The article was received and passed on to us by a FREEDOM reader.

Is HAPOTOC threatened?

Michael Tobin, one of the founders of the Help A Prisoner, Outlaw Torture Campaign, or HAPOTOC, recently received the following "request" from the Amsterdam Police:

"Would you please come to the police headquarters, Elandsgracht 117 (on the corner of the Marnixstraat) room 134 on Friday the 30th of April 1976, at about 10.00 o'clock, to give me informations about "hapotoc"

De Commissaris van Politie,
(A.R. van Slooten)".

As yet we do not know any outcome of the meeting, but could the invitation be one of the results of the increasing "Europeanization" of the Common Market's police forces, due to Michael's constant agitation on behalf of Irish prisoners?

Letters of inquiry and solidarity can be sent to : HAPOTOC, Postbus 10638, Amsterdam, Netherlands.

Anglo-German terrorism deal

Agreement on the need for closer cooperation amongst members of the EEC for dealing with terrorism has been reached between the British Home Office and Professor Werner Maihofer, the West German Minister of the Interior.

Who is afraid of the people?

Abraham.

SPAIN'S NEW RULERS

SINCE FRANCO's death last November the strict puritan fascism of El Caudillo's days is gone. What remains are the building-elements of the fascist structure of Spanish society.

Now, superficial structural changes, are taking place. For instance, at one level, more liberal censorship regulations, which means a glut of suggestive movies and girlie magazines. And at another, the changes mean increasing "press freedoms" that permit Spaniards to read interviews with left-opposition figures.

With the government of Juan Carlos I making reassuring democratic and reformist noises, Spain does seem to be entering a new phase of ruling and gradually becoming moral like its oppressed neighbours, Italy and France. "We always heard that it would be impossible to pass from an authoritarian to a democratic regime without bloodshed," said Alfonso Ojorio, one of the brains-trust for Prime Minister Carbs Arias. (Maybe you have heard wrongly!)

"Of course there are those who would like the old status quo to last forever. But we have entered the period of reform and we are going to make it stick," added Manuel Fraga Iribarne, the Interior Minister. (Who wants your authoritarian reform? The ordinary Spanish people?)

Even socialist and communist politicians agree that so far the post-Franco government has been conducting itself with "cool moderation and quiet confidence". (That reminds one of the new rulers in Portugal!) They acknowledge that key figures like Ojorio and Fraga Iribarne have been meeting with Christian Democrat and socialist leaders - something that would have been unlikely during Franco's days.

On the diplomatic front, too, changes are afoot, with a cordial meeting held between Spanish and Portuguese foreign ministers. And in addition discreet plans are being made to establish relations with Russia (Wow!), the Palestine Liberation Organisation and its arch-enemy Israel.

The democratic would-be rulers of Spain today are still uncertain whether their reformist oppressive dreams become true, because they are not sure what kind of constitution will emerge after the current Parliament finally dissolves next year. Liberals (... scratch a liberal long enough and it shows the fascist underneath) hope that "constitutional reform will lead to the eventual emergence of a true democratic process" (another form of rule!) And in a speech outlining changes in January 1976, Arias made it clear that "while universal suffrage would operate for elections to a lower house, the up-

per house would be less representative". (Fuck representation, I want self-control of the individual over their day-to-day activity!) And he added: "Political associations would be allowed, political parties would not". And he thinks in terms that the "Communist Party might be legalised in two years' time".

But what validity would general elections have anyway? The outlook of the rulers and their regulations only would change, and the oppression and exploitation of the Spanish working class would remain. No anarchist movement would be allowed. No FAI or CNT would be non-hustled by the Spanish kingpin of democracy.

And furthermore, how will the "Spanish bunker", Franco's diehards, act? Antonio Giron, the founder of the Falange, still commands huge support, especially from the half-million strong civil-war brotherhood he leads. He recently spoke out that he will not tolerate any tampering with Franco's ideals. And he has been meeting Spanish generals who do not want the

SPANISH MAY DAY

SINCE THE fascist take over of Spain, the Spaniards celebrated their first May Day without Franco.

In Madrid a picnic was held in the Casa del Camp. Thousands of workers assembled with their children and wives. Paramilitary policemen stood by as the picnickers ate their sandwiches and drank their wine. The red carnation symbol of the '74 uprising in Portugal was sported by the workers. A fiery speech condemning the democratic reforms proposed by the Prime Minister, Carlos Arias, and the monarchy was delivered by Garcia Salve. The massive police contingent looked bewildered but no arrests were made, during the "protest picnic", although 150 were reported arrested in Madrid.

In Barcelona, demonstrators and the police force fought running battles. Several thousand workers eluded the police cordon around the city. While firing tear gas cannisters (made in Great Britain) and rubber bullets the militia and police chased the demonstrators into the side streets of Barcelona.

In Andalusia, in the Basque country and in the Canary Islands, large demonstrations were also held.

All in all May Day went by as a clear sign of the Spanish people's desire for freedom in Spain.

anarchist movement to rise again.

Ultimately, Spain's armed forces, far more than King Juan Carlos himself, will be the arbiters of Spain's near future. They have already issued two caveats. The first is that they will not tolerate any "Portugalisation" of the armed forces. Nor will they agree to any measures against the national unity of Spain, i.e., any federalistic plans, which would give real meaningful autonomy to provinces such as the Basque country or a Federation of Iberia (e.g. FAI).

However, the people in Spain think and act differently. The events of recent weeks show a sharp growth in regional and "political" consciousness as evidenced by strikes and demonstrations.

Among the anarchist movement there is by no means any gentlemen's agreement to allow the present government to remain in office "undisturbed" until the elections next year and thereafter. (If there is one!) "The reformist plans of the Arias government are too little, too late," Nicolas Sartorius, a member of a clandestine workers' committee, said. Sartorius added that "the reform plans don't solve our deep-seated problems." Nicolas has called for a total amnesty for all political prisoners, that includes the anarchists, and a "reorganisation" of the government-run labour unions. And he "warned" the present government that "the strikes among construction workers, teachers and mailmen are just the start of much more militant labour action to come."

The Spanish capitalists worry, of course, that any additional labour strife would only aggravate the already "serious economic situation" in Spain. Partly because of labour problems, so the capitalists say, about \$50 million in capital left Spain surreptitiously two months ago. And capital flight is but one of the present government's economic problems. "The immobilism of the last few years of the Franco regime has meant that industry is functioning well below capacity and has led to a reduction in both local and foreign investments of British, German and American companies." (?) And in addition, like every other country, Spain has also been hard hit by inflation which compelled the present Spanish government recently to devalue the peseta by 10%.

To solve the economic problems the Spanish ruling class needs a democratic mask to be allowed to apply for membership of the EEC, with the hope to be accepted. And the Nine have already indicated that they would consider the Spanish application.

But, even the "advent of democracy" would not be an economic cure-all for Spain. Along with financial woes for less competitive Spanish factories and firms would come resistance from other EEC countries to increased Spanish fruit and wine exports.

But the crucial question now is less one of EEC membership than of the

Spanish ruling class to oppress and exploit the Spanish workers democratically. In short order they have to push through their much-needed fiscal reform, must negotiate a settlement with the working class via trade unions, keep unemployment and inflation and/or control in such a way that the profit motive of capitalism is not threatened and must overhaul and adjust a featherbedded administration and bureaucracy to meet the structural demands of democratic ruling.

Now it's up to the Spaniards to decide which way they would like to take. Back to the days of Franco fascism, a step towards "false" or "true" democracy, which still means the rule of a few over the many, or towards anarchy of which the Spanish people know more than anybody else in Europe, because they once practised it in the 30s.

As a non-Spaniard I wish that Spain together with Portugal once more goes the way of anarchy. And I would like to see Freedom for Iberia without ruling and authority to become true.

Abraham.

A HITLERITE VISIT

ON MAY 4 the President of Brasil, Ernesto Geisel, arrived at Victoria Station and was greeted by the Queen and Prince Philip. Despite all protests by various groups the invitation to the Hitler of Brasil was not cancelled.

Concentration camps and torture methods in Brasil are no reason not to serve tea at Buckingham Palace.

The main reason for Geisel's invitation from the British government are economic. The pound is floating into the Netherlands of the capitalist monetary system and the economic rulers of Britain need the export business to make and increase their profits.

And Ernesto Geisel, flanked by his economic experts, brought with him an up-to-date £ 600 million package of demands - projects involving off-shore platforms, steel mills and prospects for British investment in Brazil's industrial expansion programme, including a railway boom.

The British ruling classes' interest in securing these export contracts is clear enough, for the benefit it promises for the balance of payments and a boom in profits. Hence, the Labour government is turning a blind eye to any concentration camp, torture methods, and the brutal oppression of Brazil's people.

For the profit motive the Queen and the rulers of Britain would have even invited Adolf Hitler if it would have promised to be profitable.

Solidarity with the people of Brazil, against the kingpins of Britain and Brazil.

Abraham.

BAIL BILL

FURTHER to the statement published in our issue of April 17, Radical Alternatives to Prison (RAP) has issued the further 8 points for discussion by MPs in considering the Bail Bill before the House of Commons:

...the bill fails to present any indication that an unconvicted defendant will be more likely to be granted bail -- The main change is that the court is required to give reasons for its decision.

...the implication is that this bill will partially reverse the present situation in asking the police to 'prove' the 'serious risk' involved in granting bail -- But in fact the bill only formalises the present procedure without altering the criteria on which the bail decision is made.

...RAP opposes the type of scheme... which bases the bail recommendation to the court on the defendant's state of employment, accommodation and family ties. -- As well as an encroachment on privacy, this process is based on the person's situation rather than the offence. RAP questions the assumption that it is possible to accurately predict human behaviour.

...RAP challenges the assumption that a fixed abode is essential for bail for what are usually minor offences and opposes the use of bail hostels which exist as alternative prison places.

...Bail should not be refused on the grounds that the defendant might commit an offence. -- Behind this lies the assumption that the defendant is an "offender" and in practice amounts to preventative detention.

...RAP calls for the end of the surety

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system which discriminates against the socially and economically disadvantaged.

...As well as opposing demands in custody for medical and social reports RAP questions the use to which screening process for mental disorder is put as part of the increasing trend to control law breakers by drugs and other psychiatric practices.

Finally, RAP strongly condemns the creation of the new offence of failing to surrender to custody thereby making absconding an imprisonable offence

Further information from RAP, Eastbourne House, Bullards Place, London E.2. (tel. 01-981 0041 office hours 01-444 7909 evenings.)

LETTER

Dear Friends,

I am sorry that Jack Robinson (FREEDOM 17.4.76) has misinterpreted my defence of liberal democracy on pragmatic grounds as a defence of government in principle. If he thinks that "anarchism is not my belief" because I "cannot conceive of society without government" I must tell him that I can indeed "conceive" -- as idea, as vision -- a state of anarchy, but my subjective assessment of the prospect for its realisation is pessimistic. Thus my defence of liberal democracy against the dangers of totalitarianism and chaos. Though I hold all government to be bad, it is not equally bad. The failure to distinguish between different types of government is an indictment against absolutist thinking (not necessarily Jack's) that I abhor, though I do not claim to be always free of it myself. I am arguing for a realistic working-towards a probably-unrealisable utopia, rejecting wishful-thinking and irrational thinking, and recognising that mere absence of government is no guarantee of freedom, justice and equality. Anarchy is not enough.

I also regret Jack's apparent failure to distinguish between politics and government. His repudiation of the former is surely contradicted by his own contributions to FREEDOM which, by any definition (except his own) are political. As he himself admits, he was using the term in the derogatory sense when quoting Blake ("politics is something else than human life"), so why does he not offer a more truthful definition? Perhaps, however, it lies in the mysterious statement "it is a matter of bread, of land, of work, of life or death". And what of these amazing assertions: "Truly the ends of all political groupings are the same but the means for realising them differ. It is these that the ends perceptibly and imperceptibly change". Does Jack really believe the first statement? And if the ends of all political groupings were the same, how could they change the means for realising them?

Yours fraternally,
B. P. Boreham.
6.5.76.

REVOLUTIONARY FEELINGS

A review of four books by Hans Koning.

The Petersburg-Cannes Express (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$6.95).
Death of a Schoolboy (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$6.95)
The Revolutionary (Farrar Straus and Giroux)
The Almost World (Monthly Review Press, \$2.95)

REVOLUTIONISM is partly a social calculation. We measure society, analyse classes and oppressions, draw up estimates of change and lists of alternatives. Marxism is such a ledger. But revolutionary feelings are also more personal than that. We measure the marks of society inside us, discover angers and outrages among our own rubble. Our social analysis prowls in our bones. We take introspective soundings of revolt which aren't sociological or politically strategic but moral and immediate, marrow politics. These are intimate calculations.

Hans Koning sets his revolutionary feelings in Europe before 1914, when the social calculations looked very clear. The power of the working class seemed to be growing, socialist ideals appeared sturdy and strong, socialism looked like the heir to Western civilisation (rather than its arresting officer). Measurements seemed certain, progress inevitable. The problem was how to bring it all about. The great question was action — "What is to be done?"

To the people in these books, the answer doesn't come from deep political analysis, it comes from the intimate pressure of their own revolutionary morality. These people are sensitive and alive enough to be angry, and angry enough to act; their response to "what is to be done?" is to swear "something, by god." Their anarchist-socialist politics are less an ideology than a commitment to moral political action. The actions they finally take are careful and violent, not spontaneous sweeps of rebellion or the plodding of organized movements but the cautious planning of individuals. Terrorists, that is. Only Koning's interest is not in the politics of it — the tactics and manoeuvring, the social measuring — or the violence. It is in the internal calculations, the intimate anger and outrage and sense of justice that explode in what Emma Goldman called "the most compelling moment in human nature."

The Revolutionary, the earliest of this set of books, is about making a total commitment to act. The bourgeois student, called A., hates capitalist oppression in his unnamed principality. He loathes the ugliness of the bourgeois order and the deformed hypocritical morality of class society, his own upbringing. His anger is almost aesthetic. But what can he do about it? His circle of middle class students and professors calls itself radical but only wants reform. Really to change society A. must transform himself, which isn't easy. He wants to join the workers' organization but they mistrust him and only take him in when they need his help for a general strike.

Another student is amazed at A.'s transformation:

I understand a revolutionary workman...or a coolie, they're at the bottom, we're on top, they want to turn the world around. Nothing complicated about that. But you, even with holes in your jacket, you're not a workman. Why attack your own class?

That is exactly what A. despises. "You mean there's no right and wrong, just satisfying your goddam own self?" No, there is a right, the one that stands against the "sweet smell of property." But it is not just a matter of doctrine and analysis. No amount of cafe talk will establish the correct view of the world and what to do about it. "It's really, in the end, only a matter of what you feel."

What A. feels is equally great after the collapse of the general strike as it was before, but now it is the defeated strike leaders of the workers' organization who are shaken or intimidated, too wounded for another attempt. A. joins a group that wants to act immediately. The group stages a street provocation and then decides that terrorism is "the externalization of idealism." They will blow up a judge if he condemns some of the



HANS KONINGSBERGER

Hans Koning may be better known to British readers as HANS KONINGSBERGER, the author of A Walk with Love and Death, which has been filmed (as has The Revolutionary). His novels I know what I'm doing and The Affair are both available in Penguins; and Death of a Schoolboy has recently been published by Quartet at £3.95.

jailed strikers. They will stop at nothing, their commitment is complete. A., who wants love with his new girlfriend and doesn't want to die, has gone all the way. He becomes the back-up man with the back-up bomb. Probably he won't have to throw it; maybe the judge won't condemn the strikers; maybe the first bomb will do the trick. But A. is prepared.

The book ends right there. The judge, the bomb? We don't learn what happens next. It makes no difference whether A. throws it or not because the readiness is all. Consequences don't count. Koning resisted the temptation to finish everything off and as a result leaves us with the reverberation, not of a bomb which would quickly fall silent, but of a revolutionary commitment that does not come to an end. It is a powerful ending precisely because no "power" is shown. This is not one of those books which "end in the middle," as the complaint goes. It may be a sort of class war interruptus, but it is a fully consummated novel.

Still, the ending is troubling, more now than when the book first came out, in 1967. A.'s commitment is like the resolve that people pumped up in the late sixties by asking: "When the time comes will you put your body on the line?" The implication then was: "Never mind what line that will be, the big thing is to screw up your courage and let the other considerations follow." Well, that is a big thing and in 1967 the main thing in fact was to feel anger outright and respond with courage. But the other considerations — some knowledge of how societies change, for instance, social figurings — don't necessarily follow at all, as it turns out. Without this baggage some of the selfless heroes of our times have set out on pretty strange voyages. Is that what has happened to A.? It's hard not to wonder in the aftermath of this reverberation. The curtain drops before the question gets asked; but supposing the judge did come out and did get blown up, we would want to know what that meant. And that is a whole other issue, and not an intimate one.

But there is another way of looking at revolutionary action, which is to reject its political attributes altogether. Action must be moral; other considerations, such as political consequences, are simply irrelevant. That is how the terrorist in Death of a Schoolboy, Koning's next novel, sees his own startling deed. No interruptus and no end of aftermath here, for the schoolboy of this novel is Gavre Princip, who assassinated that archduke at Sarajevo in 1914 and entirely by chance signalled the end of capitalism as a viable civilization.

Gavre is a sensitive aesthete much like A. With his comrades he decides he must act in a colossally significant way to dramatize resistance to the double yoke of Austria and capitalism. But how should these revolutionaries calculate the meaning of the action they are planning? They admit they haven't any idea what may happen afterward. Members of the older revolutionary circles insist that results will be bad: "This wasn't the time for adventurism." But to the student conspirators, this kind of political consideration just isn't germane. Certainly to them, the response of the State is almost of no interest. "I don't care what some crooked politician may want to make of us," one of them says. "Their words and even their deeds have no bearing on our reality." There is another reality aside from the State's. And what if the State repression sweeps up innocent people? Gavre paraphrases the Paris terrorist: "There are no innocents!"

They don't think of themselves as innocent — that's the crux of it. Merely to live in the face of tyranny or crime is to play some part in it. Complacence is complicity, no getting round that. Political thinking which weighs probabilities and effects is blind to the crime of acquiescence: how can one seriously weigh the political consequences of acting or not acting, when not to act is tantamount to crime? It is in this sense that revolutionary action is not political at all, to Gavre, but moral. "We weren't political plotters, we were actors in a morality play. Or so

(cont. from P. 9)

we felt."

They make moral calculations. But in this ethical reality, so different than the State's, the decision to act is one thing and the fact of murder another. Can political assassination be morally justified? To do so would be to judge the Archduke's life as expedient, and to imply that some lives have greater value than others. This is a kind of reasoning which modern groups of the Underground don't bother with, I think, since they see themselves as armies at war, and wars plainly have no morality to begin with. But Koning's revolutionaries live in the context of the 19th century Russian terrorists who used to think this way. Gavre and his comrades decide that the way out of the moral dilemma is to follow the example of those Russian students who killed the Czar. "Whoever killed him should be ready to die with him." They will sacrifice their own lives.

But it doesn't work out that way and they are not even executed afterward because they are so young. Instead they rot in prison, shackled in irons, and die that way, slowly and miserably, while the whole of Europe destroys itself in war. Before dying Gavre reflects on his ideals and the need for love and human sympathy — which revolutionaries alone strive for. He extends his love to everyone and forgives even the dead Archduke his crime of social position. His body is covered with fungus but he considers himself pure. He is not a participant in the war outside the prison, neither fighting in it nor (equally importantly) benefitting from it. Prison makes him pure because it removes accountability along with freedom.

A poet now belonged in prison; no true poet could refuse the purity of prison.

Politics are my salvation.

To Gavre, what constitutes a revolutionary deed is its art as much as its morality — the poetry of truth-telling. Political action is poetry rather than heroism. In chains he reflects that "the twentieth century does not need heroes. Not even folk heroes. It needs community." Yet Gavre himself is a hero, even a folk hero.

Enough of heroes. The revolutionaries of The Petersburg-Cannes Express, Koning's latest novel, are too burnt-out for these self-sacrificing feats. They accomplish wonders, but not so gravely, and manage to grow instead of dying. Anna and Andrew are older and shakier than Gavre and A., and their motivations are less explosive. Anna's revolutionism wobbles considerably, in fact, and though like the other characters she has thrown off her upper class privileges it is not politics but the web of friendship, her pride as a woman, and Andrew's machinations which draw her into his scheme. A comrade of theirs has been jailed in France for shooting a Czarist judge (who deserved it) in a hotel on the Riviera. They must kidnap an Under Secretary to prevent the deportation of their comrade. With only a flimsy plan, Andrew brings Anna onto the Cannes Express and together they trail the official like bloodhounds.

Andrew is well meaning but dopey. Everything miscarries: the pistol won't shoot, the comrades in Italy want no part of a kidnapping, the Under Secretary gets away. You're like bugs crawling under the feet of society," says the official. "You think it's a victory when you make us scratch." They fumble across Europe, improvising wonderfully out of Andrew's mistakes (while he tells her about Bakunin and Malatesta).

In the end they win through insight into the nature of the State. A State official, they discover, can be predicted to look out for himself above all, to get what he can, and to distrust the next fellow — a Hobbesian bungle of each against all. With this knowledge, much more valuable than a pistol that doesn't shoot, they blackmail and trick their way to the comrade's release from prison. For a moment at the triumph the jailed comrade, considering her respected status as political prisoner, feels reluctant to be freed — how far we are from the dismal world of Gavre's purity shackled in irons.

And in fact The Petersburg-Cannes Express has moved down the track from the intensity and desperation of Koning's earlier revolutionary novels. Today is a less desperate time, for all its crises. This express is not the locomotive of history as much as a good scamper across Europe. The revolutionary movement prospers — why shouldn't it? — but equally importantly, Andrew and Anna break out of their own grimness and come to delight in the posh trip, the Riviera, and each other. Andrew expresses his rage by tossing a scalding teapot at the Under Secretary; though true justice, as he says, will have to await a revolution. In the meanwhile we might even be able to live in the world.

S

But the enjoyment of living hasn't been easy, if it's been possible at all. Life should have been different. Koning's anger about this is the thread through The Almost World, his autobiography now issued by Monthly Review after getting bad distribution by another publisher in 1972. "I'd have loved to live a life where you'd turn straight to the theater page mornings," he writes. "Where you'd be so involved in your work that wars, disasters, revolutions all took second place... I bitterly hated the politicians who wouldn't let us. Not because we were so nobly concerned with the world but because they were such pigs that it was impossible to get past their front page tricks and lies without stumbling and stopping." The characters in his revolutionary novels feel the same way, which is what gives meaning to their angry acts. They want the good things, they are not about to mistake drabness for beauty and serenade tractors with love-songs, as de Beauvoir once complained revolutionary characters do. The pleasures of poetry, the gorgeous Mediterranean, love and sex — nothing exotic about their desires. But neither do they mistake these for the social reality. They don't get past the front page.

That might be Koning's special province of social outrage. He doesn't forgive our rulers for ruining the theatre page, the good things. It is not easy to go on like that for long, and The Petersburg-Cannes Express gets around it with one eye closed — it is possible to enjoy a bourgeois Pullman while kidnapping a Government official, one can enjoy the Riviera while springing comrades from jail, though both Anna and Andrew feel a little guilty about it. But eventually nothing escapes. One of the strongest protests in The Almost World, an angry book, is against how capitalism is ruining even the Riviera. That is the reality. The book consists of 59 short autobiographical essays, wry, militant, and in good part nostalgic about what has been lost.

And what about the nice things that haven't been crushed? Gavre's cafe discussion of genteel culture couldn't be more bitter: "The price for it is preposterous. Strikers have to be shot, coolies whipped, miners gassed and Moroccan villages burned down, just to create that magic circle of nicely dressed people listening with civilized rapture to Bizet." Not that genteel literature, for instance, should be banned. "It's just not interesting any more." Literature without angry rebellion is false, incomplete, insensitive. "To go on writing that way, there has to be a piece missing in you. Otherwise the horrors of the world couldn't so patently fail to get to you."

They get to Koning from the very start of The Almost World. He describes how he fled the Nazi occupation of the Netherlands to join the British army, thinking the war against fascism so magnificent and crucial — only to discover 25 years later that the victors were bombing the hell

out of Vietnam, a Lidice a week, that the defeat of fascism wasn't all that world-shaking in the end. He is angry at Vietnam and at racism, and at their defenders. But he reserves a special rage for those people with pieces missing in them, the hypocrites, the uncommitted, the ones who never suffer: the Belgian baroness so far above the struggle for life that she remarked about the heroes of the anti-fascist Resistance, "It's always the same people who get themselves killed;" or those liberal professors in America who fired off complaints to the sheriffs of Moscow and Leningrad but lacked the energy to protest to the sheriff of McComb, Miss....or the liberals who used these arguments to justify the war, back when it was their war: the "we should have stopped them at Munich" tack, the line about "you couldn't protest in Hanoi." Those lines killed half a million people.

Koning's books aren't missing any pieces. They are treasures of revolutionary writing because they do register the horrors of the world and remain furious and tender at the same time. But for some unaccountable reason, many people on the Left are not familiar with them (except in Boston, where he used to write a weekly column) despite his literary reputation. The Movement today listens to its theoreticians, historians, musicians and poets, but with one or two exceptions pays little attention to its novelists. Why is that? In the 30's and 40's, it worked the other way, with fiction the great area for the Left, despite the image of that period as a desert of impersonal Marxism. Koning's is among the best writing on the Left today, with no danger that it will go out of date. Years from now his revolutionaries will still be compelling, neither immoderate in their feelings or out of place. As Gavre might say, this is the poetry of salvation.

Paul Berman.

UNTARNISHED SAM & TRICKY DICKY

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY has only one heroic figure and that is the Private Investigator. "Down these mean streets a man must go who is not himself mean, who is neither tarnished nor afraid," to quote Raymond Chandler. Yet this lonely figure from the Penny Bloods and the American pulp magazines who has now been elevated into essay material for doss' delight has been the cause of and the excuse for many a learned book by intellectuals slumming among the social garbage of our age. His speech has been analysed, his walk imitated and his background dissected room by room and street by street from Holmes through Raffles, Poirot, Lord Peter Wimsey to Chandler's Philip Marlowe back to those mean American streets through which Sam Spade untarnished and unafraid plies his trade. Much has been written of these fantasy figures yet no writer has ever questioned why they choose to hunt their fellow men and women. It cannot be for moral reasons for they never challenge the tarnished creatures who legally corrupt their society, only the single individual damned by his or her solitary crime and whose killing will be endorsed by the legal and moral captains of a society whose values are never brought into question. From Holmes, Lord Peter Wimsey to James Bond we have men who are sicker than their human prey for they choose whom they will hunt and destroy as the pleasure takes them and always within the safety of the law. Spade and Marlowe are there for the hiring by the first one to put a foot in their door and it is only by the whim of the author that the first foot in the door is that of frightened virtue yet, even as in Chandler's Little Sister of 1949, though misery be the outcome of the deal the contract is honoured by the sick morality of payment accepted. Rejecting Fielding's Jonathan Wild and the Gothic novels it can be said that the figure of Spade and Marlowe is contained within the figure of Eugene François Vidocq, the criminal who in 1811 became the first Chief of the Sureté and who created for his private profit his own Bureau des Renseignements. Convicted thief and police informer, he proved his loyalty to the State as a police spy in the Bicêtre and La Force prisons until his 'escape' was arranged by 'Papa' Henry and as Vidocq claims in his Mémoires he became Chef de la Sureté with 28 ex-convicts working for him as agents.

POLITICAL JUSTICE

Yet Vidocq was honoured in his own lifetime by such a man as Balzac who turned this disgusting creature into Vautrin in the novel Le Pere Goriot following the same trade with the Balzac philosophy that "in every million men there are ten who put themselves above everything, even the law, and I am one of them". Only one writer in the field of crime literature challenged the corruption of a legal system that gives one man power over another, and that was the anarchist William Godwin. We know him as the great unread author of the Enquiry Concerning the Principles of Political Justice but in relation to the films under review it is the three decker novel Caleb Williams that tarnishes the image of Spade, Holmes or Marlowe for Godwin gave the reader a conventional plot wherein a much loved country squire (and the period is 1790) is accused of murdering the local shit, Tyrrell. The squire is tried and acquitted and a man and his son, tenants of Tyrrell, are arrested, tried and executed for Tyrrell's murder. A poor boy (Spade) who is employed by the squire as a secretary when the murder is a thing of the past suspects the squire and does a Watergate, finding that the squire did murder Tyrrell, plant clues on the executed innocent men, and for his pains the secretary is framed and jailed by the squire until in the end the squire (Nixon) now a long time dying admits all and praises the man "Woodstein" who exposed him. In 1793 Godwin had published his Political Justice, giving us one of the great platforms of modern anarchism wherein he stated that "there will be no war, no crimes, no administration of justice, as it is called, and no government", and in this attack on all the organs and offices of the State Godwin provided the intellectual ammunition for the literate followers of men such as Tom Paine. What Godwin set out to do, and succeeded, was to show how good and generous men such as the squire become the creatures of their own institutions when they place their faith and trust in them and that Caleb the secretary's persecution by the squire is the result, and in that ol' final analysis can be traced through to the authoritarian power of evil institutions over the lives of good and honest men. Godwin's final point is examining the actions of Caleb/Spade in invoking the power of the law against the squire when he should have put into practice the 'just experiment' by confronting the squire when only the two of them were present. It is curious that in Caleb Williams Godwin creates Gines who is not only the goodly squire's agent but who has been expelled from a band of thieves for excessive brutality and becomes, like Vidocq 15 years later, a paid upholder of the Law. Yet I for my part would disagree with God-

win on many points such as his romantic treatment of the gang (nay all gangs) of thieves, for there can be no robbery without the use of the implied use of violence and Gines' expulsion was the use of too much muscle while every one concerned in the novel Caleb Williams from author to Raymond the leader of the gang of thieves were men of property or aspiring to become men of property and there seems to me too much special pleading, too much assumption that a friendly camp fire discussion will bring a change of heart and society. Therefore I hold that we should always turn back to 1649 and Gerrard Winstanley with his Diggers on St. George's Hill. For, comrades, when the men and women pressed the first communal spade into the common land they planted the flower of a viable future no matter how complex our industrial and technological societies may become.

S

THEREFORE as Ward's pub sinks in the three o'clock west we begin the great aesthetic pilgrimage with David Giler's The Black Bird as a sadly sadly rehash of Hammett and John Huston's The Maltese Falcon, now one of the great all time television standys after the Queen's speech as Brenda and I grow old together. Hammett's Maltese Falcon has been filmed three times since Bebe Daniels and Ricardo Cortez hammed the first version in 1931 but it is Huston's 1941 version that is now accepted as the master copy, and when every great work of art has become intellectually and emotionally exhausted then the clowns move in with the air-filled pig's bladder. All we ask of them is that we shall be entertained and John Huston's 1954 take-off of his own major work as Beat the Devil was a failure. If Huston's attempt at piss-taking was a failure then David Giler's Black Bird is bloody awful. Produced by George Segal and with wee Georgie in the title role of Sam Spade Jnr. we are given farce when black comedy was needed. Good performance wasted on poor material. Segal is best remembered as the white suited gangster in the St. Valentine's Day Massacre but unfortunately he is a man who sees the cinema not as entertainment but as an intellectual soapbox so that, as with Chaplin, and Jane Fonda if they would let her, we have a commanding actor playing the clown to café society in the mistaken belief that they are making profound philosophical points or wounding their corrupt society with witty satire à la Brecht, which means that Segal has provided the Town with two stinking stumers: Black Bird and The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox with Segal playing the lovable rogue and Goldie Hawn as that great American Dream Mum, the golden hearted whore in a unisex version of the 1969 Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. Sad and time-wasting rubbish, but all part of the Sam Spade syndrome.

It is a curiosity of the Town that three cheap and nasty off-beat films should be worthy of attention, for Pepper and Order to Kill at the Rialto are interesting in that the Michael Caine attempt to play a Sam Spade opens with a steal of a scene straight out of Chandler's The High Window and director Giuseppe Messo closes his Order to Kill with a death scene echoing Jean Cocteau's 1943 L'Eternal Retour which was in itself a souped up version of Tristan and Isolde. Approved of by the Nazis and regarded by the French as a message of liberation. Drop Caine's Pepper down the drain where it belongs but view Order to Kill with its magnificent early evening photography by Parolin of an area of the day that even the best of film cameramen choose to avoid. But the film is a magnificent social document in that though it is old hat gangster bang bang shot in Santa Domingo for cheapness it has the actors Arthur Kennedy and José Ferrer supplied by New York money, it is shot in Santa Domingo and processed in Spain -- three places not noticeable for their liberalism. In the course of this third rate shoot-out the camera pans time and again through the vulgar tatty streets of this Santa Domingo town even to the shanty town slum, and as one sits in the cinema one asks where one has seen this social horror before and it was in the towns of Vietnam. The same Coca Cola and whiskey advertisements, the same verminous whore houses, the same slums, and if the people of San Domingo need a document for revolution then this cheap gangster film shot in their homeland is their manifesto of the morality and the right-eousness of revolt against those who create and exploit their misery.

But before we join the Town and his gun-toting frau to sit in judgement on All the President's Men it is worthwhile to draw attention to an interesting literary curiosity that appears to have failed to win the attention of the national critics. It is Eric Lipmann's Les Onze Mille Vierges, now anglicised into Bisexual and it is Little Eric's 400th film in about the same number of weeks and all for the soft porn trade, but Bisexual is worthy of the Eng. Lit. fraternity because Eric has used a 'dirty' novel by the daddy of surrealism, Guillaume Apollinaire, and it is a novel that you will find rarely catalogued within the master's works. Most creative artists appear to have an urge to produce one piece of lavatory art and this was Apollinaire's, and though Eric had to spend £1,200 in reshooting subtitles that gave too good a visual of Apollinaire's poems the censor and the need for a mini mass market have turned (cont. on P.12)

COLIN MAC INNES

COLIN MAC INNES, who died last month at the age of 61, was briefly remembered in the last issue of *FREEDOM*, but he deserves a longer tribute as an interesting and instructive writer and also as a good friend to anarchism in general and to many individual anarchists.

He was born in 1914 in London and spent most of his life here, but like so many Londoners he was proud of having no English blood, and called himself an Australian Celt. His father was a distinguished Scottish singer, James Campbell MacInnes, whose physical appearance he inherited, and whose temperamental character affected his early life and much of his work. His mother Angela came from a remarkable intellectual family: she was the daughter of the classical scholar J. W. Mackail (the first biographer of William Morris) and of Margaret Burne-Jones, who was the daughter of the Pre-Raphaelite artist Edward Burne-Jones (the lifelong friend of Morris) and of Georgina Macdonald, who was the aunt of both Rudyard Kipling and Stanley Baldwin.

In 1917 Colin's mother divorced his father for cruelty, and in 1918 she married an Australian soldier, George Thirkell. In 1920 they went to Australia with her two sons, who were educated at Scotch College, Melbourne. (A good account of the family's life is given in the multi-volume memoirs of the elder brother, Graham MacInnes.) In 1930 his mother left her second husband, returned to England with Colin, and became famous as the romantic novelist Angela Thirkell; her brother Denis Mackail was also a successful popular novelist.

Colin MacInnes worked for a British firm in Belgium until 1936, and then studied at the Euston Road art school in London. He belonged to the bohemian world later known as Fitzrovia (from the area of London around Fitzroy Square), and he also became some kind of left-wing fellow-traveller during the late 1930s; but he seldom spoke much about this part of his life. During the Second World War he served in the British army as a sergeant in the Intelligence Corps, characteristically refusing a commission. After the war he worked as an art lecturer, a freelance writer (especially for BBC radio), and an occasional broadcaster. Eventually he began to write novels, of which nine appeared over a period of 25 years. *To the Victors the Spoils* (1950) was a flatly fictionalised account of his experiences during the British advance into Germany at the end of the war; it was distinguished mainly by a hatred of all restraints on freedom, the climax describing

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Apollinaire's 'secret novel' into adult family entertainment. So it was into the half empty cinema to sit through *All the President's men*. And it was Hamlet without the Prince for despite its riveting opening titles the film is too wordy, too confined. It could, with little effort, be turned into a stage play such as Hecht's 1930 *Front Page* but even there it lacks the action of the 1930 newspaper play/film. The film is the self told story of how Bernstein and Woodward exposed Nixon's Watergate Caper, told in a mass of pedantic cross talk, but the film never shows or examines the relationship of the top men involved. There is still much that has not been published, such as who was the newspapermen's grass 'Deep Throat' -- F.B.I. or C.I.A. man or, as Rolling Stone magazine claims, Robert Bennett, a PR front for the C.I.A., but wheels within wheels Bennett denied this a year ago in two American papers. Newspapers expose according to their readership: the *News of the World* the unfortunate vicar and his boy scout troop, the *Sunday Times* the wine trade, but in the end it is the fight for circulation and we shall only learn the truth with a free press fighting in the gutter for our coinage. And Godwin wrote the basic plot 186 years ago and I don't believe that Richard Nixon gives a damn.

Arthur Moyse.



COLIN MAC INNES

the narrator's action in releasing the inmates of a captured German prison. *June in Her Spring* (1952) was a mawkish and melodramatic account of young love in Australia; nine years later he obstinately called it "the best thing I've yet written", but it was one of the worst, and it was followed by a period of silence in his creative work.

It was during this time that he found his main themes and laid the foundations of his later reputation. He still belonged to the bohemian world of London, but he also moved in social milieux which were quite unknown to most educated people, and here he found the material for his best-known work. He began to contribute articles to several papers and talks to several radio programmes about such phenomena as Black immigrants, marijuana smoking, teenage behaviour, pop music, prostitutes and pences, drinking clubs, and so on, and he became one of the first writers both to notice and to draw notice to the significance of several separate developments which together made up what was to be called the "alternative" or "permissive" society. Having staked his claim to this territory as a journalist, he explored it as a novelist in a remarkable trilogy of books.

First he took the world of the immigrants from West Africa and the West Indies: "A Short Guide for Jumbies" in *Twentieth Century* (1956) was followed by *City of Spades* (1957). Then he took the teenage explosion: "Young England, Half English" in *Encounter* (1957) and "Pop Songs and Teenagers" and "Sharp Schmutter" in *Twentieth Century* (1958-59) were followed by *Absolute Beginners* (1959). And then he took the complex relationship of policemen and pences with prostitutes and with each other: "The Other Man" in *Twentieth Century* (1960) was followed by *Mr. Love and Justice* (1960). In 1969 the three novels were reprinted in an omnibus volume with the title *Visions of London* and with an introduction by Francis Wyndham.

The London trilogy brought MacInnes as much fame as any of his ancestors, but he resented the fact that it was as a writer of "documentary" fiction. He always denied that the novels were documentary, and called them "poetic evocations of a human situation, with undertones of social criticism of it: wildly romantic in mood, and as rigorously analytic as I can be". But is there a better definition of what documentary ought to be? He went on: "A theme, later to be evoked in fiction, has always 'moved in on' me and has become, without any deliberate intent, a part of my life almost before I was aware of it, and certainly long before I thought of writing of it.... The factual 'documentation' always comes long afterwards." But, again, is there a better description of how documentary writing ought to be done? MacInnes disliked the documentary label so much, indeed, that he later undervalued these books and also overemphasised the distinction between his fictional and non-fictional work, with unfortunate results for both. Francis Wyndham supported the pretence that the novels were not documentary -- "On the contrary, they are lyrical approximations to reality: highly imaginative and on occasion frankly fantastic approaches to themes of which no other contemporary novelist has yet shown himself properly aware" -- but he also made a significant point: that Mac Innes "was trying to close that dreary gap which often exists between life and art and is kept clear for journalism". Even if his intention was not documentary, his impact was; he wrote in a journalistic age, and his best work was always close to journalism, which is why it was misinterpreted both by newspaper reviewers and by university critics. Now that the period his novels belong to has receded into the past, they may again be read as documents of their time, like the equally imaginative and similarly journalistic novels of earlier times.

At the high tide of his newfound fame, he was able to publish a collection of some of his straight journalism as *England, Half English* (1961). Apart from the pieces already mentioned, it included a travelogue of Nigeria, a rehabilitation of the novels of Ada Leverson (the truest friend of Oscar Wilde), a protest at the retention in London of the Elgin marbles from

the Parthenon, an Orwellian essay from New Left Review on the cartoon families in the Daily Express, descriptions of two Australian heroes (the soldier John Monash and the painter Sidney Nolan), then praise for such people as the jazz singer Ella Fitzgerald and a varied group of writers -- Nikolaus Pevsner, Anthony Carson, Bernard Kops, and Shelagh Delaney. The book also contained new notes and comments which illuminated both his fictional and his non-fictional work, but it unfortunately excluded much of his best work, such as other long essays on popular culture, many fine book reviews and radio talks, and a quite remarkable article called "Dear England, Look Again" in the glossy gossip weekly Queen (November 1960). Yet it was far above the usual standard of collected journalism, and I remember ending my review of it in FREEDOM as follows: "What a pity it would be, I feel on finishing this uneven but absorbing book, to lose this angry middle-aged man, this unorthodox, unconventional, unabashed successor of the English Puritans of the past, scourges of the country they love so much, this genuine Outsider and admirable man" (16 September 1961).

It was at this time, when he was much in demand on all sides, that he became associated with the anarchist movement. He had mentioned his "anarchic temperament", and in the late 1950s he had been approached by Colin Ward, then one of the editors of FREEDOM, with the suggestion that he might be an "unconscious anarchist"; in the early 1960s he decided that he had become a conscious one, and he began to proclaim the fact and explain what anarchism was and why it was worth taking seriously. He remarked with delight that, while political groups normally invited sympathisers to join a party, the anarchists invited him to come to one -- the Anarchists' Ball at Fulham Town Hall in October 1961. He got to know the people around the Freedom Press, and he contributed a few articles to both FREEDOM and ANARCHY -- especially "Notes of an Accidental Jailor" in ANARCHY 10 (December 1961), which was a meditation on the theme he had used in his first novel -- but above all he played a particularly valuable part in publicising and popularising anarchism in the press when no other well-known people would do so and when no anarchists could do so. It may be worth describing three examples of this work which appeared during one year.

In May 1962 he contributed a long essay on "The Anarchists" to Queen, then edited by Jocelyn Stevens (who now runs the Daily Express), an unexpected vehicle for libertarian propaganda, but an interesting example of the tendency he noted that right-wing editors are more open than left-wing ones to new ideas. He began by describing his own move towards anarchist ideas and what those ideas were, and then he discussed the anarchist press at considerable length, paying us generous tributes: "FREEDOM digs under social surfaces where respectable journals fear to tread (on the rare occasions they are even aware of them)" and "is consistently irreverent and inquisitive, so that its tone recalls a vanished era of authentic polemical journalism". As for ANARCHY, which was just over a year old:

In my own writing about the social scene I have tried to discover, even guess at, realities behind our lives in the past decade, and if I have succeeded at all in this I'm bound to say I have little to help me in the 'informed journals of opinion'. In fact a prodigious gift for not seeing what's really going on in England seems to me their most striking -- and soothing -- characteristic. To this intellectual-spiritual torpor ANARCHY is an absolute exception, and you do not need to accept anarchist ideas at all to find more surprising, revealing information about our country than in any other journal that I know of.

In September 1962 he contributed a long review of George Woodcock's book Anarchism to the New Statesman, which was soon reprinted as the last item in New Statesmanship (1963), an anthology of contributions to the paper during its first fifty years, compiled by Edward Hyams as a companion volume to his history of the paper. Hyams argued that "the placing of Colin MacInnes's essay last in this anthology is not simply fortuitous, nor is it a mere matter of chronology", because the combination of the best of socialism and the best of liberalism which he thought the New Statesman embodied must always "give expression to the kind of 'anarchism' implied in Mr MacInnes's essay". Most writers in and readers of the leading social-democratic weekly would hardly

agree, and in fact the review was a great exception in its pages because MacInnes once more explained clearly and cogently what anarchism was and why it was important again. He also repeated his praise of the anarchist press: "FREEDOM, I would say, is about the only authentically polemical weekly surviving in our country... and ANARCHY the most original monthly that I know of in its perceptions of shifting trends in our society."

Then in January 1963 he contributed a long essay on anarchism to the new weekly paper New Society, edited by Timothy Raison (now a Conservative M.P.), in the "Out of the Way" column which he founded and in which he wrote so much of his best work during the next dozen years. Once more he gave a straightforward simple account of anarchist ideas, and once more he took the trouble to say nice things about the anarchists themselves: "I would like to add that, personally speaking, such anarchists as I have met are remarkably attractive human beings, true in their own lives (as is unusual among political groups) to their principles of cooperation and persuasion."

We have no "stars", but we have always had some prominent sympathisers, and they have sometimes done us more good than harm. Colin MacInnes probably did more than any other writer in this country outside the formal anarchist movement to turn the general libertarian revival into a specifically anarchist direction during the early 1960s. He did this even in unexpected and unnecessary circumstances, such as the text he wrote for a book of colour photographs by Erwin Fieger, London: City of Any Dream (1962), which included among the celebrations of the various phenomena prevalent in that place at that time a deliberate tribute to the phenomenon of the "anti-atomic sit-down by the anarchic youth of England". Of all our fellow-travellers since the war, he was the most consistently anarchic and the most completely sympathetic.

He continued to produce excellent journalism in many papers during the later 1960s, and he also identified himself with two other causes which were as near to conventional politics as he could bear to get -- Black liberation, and gay liberation. He had been informally involved in Black society since the early 1950s, and he became formally involved in Black politics when Michael X formed the Racial Adjustment Action Society in 1965; he was the only White member, being as Michael X said "as near to being colourless as anyone I know", and he acted as its unofficial spokesman in the White press. Homosexual themes had appeared in his fiction from 1952 onwards, and during the 1960s he gradually came out as a bisexual; he eventually produced a brilliant booklet on the subject called Loving Them Both (1973), and some of his best late journalism appeared in Gay News.

Yet the work he valued most went into decline. During the early 1960s a new novel, Angus : Bard, which was to describe a man like his father, was repeatedly announced but never appeared; he seemed to be suffering a block in his creative output. When a novel did eventually appear, it was All Day Saturday (1966), a disappointing return to sex and violence in prewar Australia. He then produced a book on the British music-halls, Sweet Saturday Night (1967), turning his interest in popular culture back into the past. He also turned back into the past with his next two novels. Westward to Laughter (1969) was a historical novel of adventure in the Caribbean in the eighteenth century, a picaresque parody of Treasure Island and Kidnapped in the style of Defoe and Smollett, which was energetic and entertaining but somehow unsatisfying. The same was true of Three Years to Play (1971), a historical novel of adventure in Elizabethan England, featuring Shakespeare and this time parodying the picaresque pioneers Greene and Nashe.

His last novel, Out of the Garden (1974), returned to the present and represented an attempt to do for the 1970s what he had once done for the 1950s. It was a picaresque tale set in 1971 and told almost entirely in conversation, involving ex-soldiers and ex-debutantes, communists and businessmen, gun-runners and bomb-throwers. The invention was still deft enough, but the magic touch had gone; the characterisation was too wooden, the plot too unbelievable, the background too remote to carry conviction, and the result was a

(CONC. ON P. 14)

disappointing failure.

Yet his last book, or rather booklet, "No Novel Reader" (1975), was as good as anything he had ever written. It was as good as anything he had ever written. It was a celebration of the novel as an art-form, typically penetrating and perverse, with a fascinating account of his own development as a novelist. He was glad to be a writer, though he recognised that "I live in a land that regards artists as comedians or con-men" and also that "writers, however angelic in their lines, are apt to be insupportable people".

He was himself both angelic and insupportable. He once described the typical characteristics of an Australian -- "the detestation of authority, the ironic, sardonic realism, the hard determination to survive" -- and they may be applied to him, with some qualification. He certainly detested authority, not just political and social, but professional and academic as well; he had no time for any experts or establishments, and they had no time for him; he ignored professional critics and professional sociologists, and they ignored him, though he taught us more about culture and society than they ever knew. He was certainly a realist, though of a romantic rather than cynical cast which he attributed to his Celtic ancestry; "romanticism has its own pointers to reality", he said, and proved it for twenty years; he was more intrigued by reality, in all its odd details, than any British writer since George Orwell. He was certainly determined to survive, working hard to get the success which eventually came in his forties, and then working hard to get away from it until his sixties; he was almost the only successful writer of our time who was not corrupted by success, living as he had lived before, giving away money when he had more than the essential minimum, seeking no soft options or false hon-

ours, seeming the same person at the end as he was at the beginning of his career.

But he could not survive for ever, and in fact he died at an early age by present standards. Last year he had an operation for cancer of the gullet, but he had left it too late and never recovered. He continued to work until the end, and reviews and articles of the usual wide variety and high standard appeared in several papers up to and indeed after his death -- the most readable being an account of his own experience of cancer in *New Society* (29 April). He also continued his eccentricity beyond his death, insisting on being buried at sea.

Colin MacInnes was an unpredictable writer and an uncomfortable person, because he wrote and spoke entirely on his own terms. We were friends for fifteen years, but we met only by chance or at his wish, he never talked about his own work or life, and he always found something to argue about. Yet he did me several good turns, usually without telling me, and sometimes gave me good advice, usually without any effect. He worried about me when he heard I had cancer two years ago, yet if he had worried more about himself he might be with us still. He will be missed by hundreds of friends who liked meeting him more than anyone else and by thousands of readers who liked reading him more than anyone else; but they will all prefer to think of him dead rather than old or ill, and he will survive as long as anyone wants to find out what this country was like during the past twenty years.

N. W.

(Colin MacInnes's books were all published by MacGibbon & Kee, and almost all of them are available as Panther paperbacks, except that the two booklets, *Loving Them Both* and "No Novel Reader", were published by Martin Brian & O'Keefe.)

BOOKS : RECORDS

RIFF RAFF

"I have no money, no resources, no hopes. I am the happiest man alive. A year ago, I thought I was an artist. I no longer think about it, I am. Everything that was literature has fallen from me. There are no more books to be written."

--Henry Miller.

NO LONGER running a bookshop (just running!) I don't see the little pamphlets or magazines; but last year I got a copy of *New Departures* no. 7/8 through the post. I swore I'd never mention it because it costs £2.40, the price of an LP -- a cheap LP anyway. However it is worth requesting it in your library. It is worth a browse through because Mike Horovitz recognizes a diverse number of influences and styles of poets and painters and musicians. He celebrates these people in his magazine which is as it should be. No miserable carping criticism from cautious critics out for a cheque to cash. No academic justification -- just bloody personal choice: friends: acquaintances met through their books -- their poems scattered across the world. Poets he respects and believes should have space. I like his *Dedication* to recently dead (but alive in works) poets and painters: like Picasso & Kerouac: Galanskov & Stevie Smith.

In his editorial countless people get their just reward of a nod and push towards the reader who may not yet have discovered their own wondrous and un-

ique work -- for hasn't each person something wondrous and unique?

On Patchen & Kerouac:

"Kenneth Patchen, who fought against social and commercial oppression alike, knew all this (in his bones) with a vengeance -- having broken his back at 24... But wonderment outshone the bitterness, and his prolific creative output thereafter must qualify, along with that of Picasso, as one of the most humane and unbroken artistic achievements of the century."

"Jack Kerouac kissed the leper of prose -- and miraculously cured it, talking straight out from the heart in the manner of an improvising jazz soloist, rejoicing in the unadulterated stream of his instantaneous consciousness.... But the experience of being a free spirit was replaced by that of a hounded spokesman."

And besides all the poems and poets there are countless pictures, paintings and photographs scattered throughout. If only it could have been six pamphlets at 40p each/or such? Get it from Mike Horovitz at Piedmont, Bisley, Stroud, Glos. £2.40 + post). (Incidentally, although I am living near we have never met. Come to that, Peter Brown is living near and we have not met, and his book *Small Creep's Day* is as important for factory life as Ken Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* is for mental hospitals.

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Since last Christmas I have spent a lot of time travelling and a lot of time

listening to LPs. But in my circumstances I've been mainly listening to Blues: jazz and the rock & roll poets like Jami Mitchell, Bob Dylan and Patti Smith.

Desire is a new longplayer from Bob Dylan which has two long ballads; *Joey* (the peaceful gangster) and "Hurricane" Carter (the jailed boxer) worth getting the LP for in themselves. If poets sing at all it is the very finest words of such songs which reveal their worth -- in our monetary world!

"It is true that in his later years He would not carry a gun.
"I'm around too many children," he said,
"They should never know of one."
He was always on the outside
Of whatever side there was."

Desire, with some fine, unusual violin backing, is a follow-up, if you like, to his more stark LP *Blood On The Tracks* -- both just great!

*

Once upon a time I used to say... I supported the most important political movement of our time... but now I seemingly am sitting on the fence... the growth of the Women's Liberation Movement has had (and will have) more individual benefits for women and their children than all the mouthwash of our power-hungry political boys. Of course I'm a bloody man! But with the seminal books of Mary Wollstonecraft, Simone de Beauvoir (*The Second Sex*), Kate Millett (*Sexual Politics*) and many, many more, there has been an awareness developed to an extent that each city, town and community of any size has at least individual women involved, if not a group. Magazines like

Spare Rib, Women's Report, Enough! and Off Our Backs! have made many women aggressively independent.

However it might help more if the militant ladies were as keen to sell these magazines on the street and in the pubs and clubs -- than to go about seeking individual scapegoats. I have sold and advocated Spare Rib : Enough! and the various books and pamphlets like Our Bodies Our Selves (essential) because it seemed to me and still does seem to me, that without freedom for women there can be little freedom for men. And whereas men have been free from so many things women have had to shoulder -- now, at last, they, too, can be free from unwanted pregnancies, unwanted husbands/lovers/rapists; and ana can unite to share their wants, and needs and dreams and hopes.

This said, I still believe that the relationships between men and women have to change; through love or hate, or a mixture of both; not to mention other things like house : money ; etc. And in these changes books like the NCCL Handbook (Penguin), Women's Rights (Penguin) and Our Bodies Our Selves are essential.

. . . 'Meanwhile life goes on outside, all around us'.

When I look at essentials (food : clothes : shelter) I realize how little I spend on them compared to most people. This is as much because I am poor as it is because I'm a good saver! (When by myself I live on muesli and bread/cheese.) Clothes I get from jumble sales -- including socks and shoes. Shelter --well hospitality has been given and taken. But what about most other people? . . . For if you are on S.S. you are poor but possibly not unhappy?

Dennis Gould

SOLZHENITSYN

SIR : Bernard Levin may be right when he says that what Alexander Solzhenitsyn is saying can be, and is meant to be 'understood by all', but he is not right when he says that it is a 'great truth'. First, it is not true that 'there is a war going on in the world' which 'is, mercifully, not being waged with bombs and guns'; there are many wars going on apart from the one between the West and the communists, and most of them are being waged mercilessly with bombs and guns. Secondly, it is not true that 'without a moral content the West's defence in that war is a house built upon sand'; wars are won not by moral content but by morale and force, and however moral the West may become, this will not guarantee a successful defence. Thirdly, it is not true that 'the West lacks such a moral sense and ought to seek it urgently'; if we have anything valuable in the struggle against communism it is our moral sense of the freedom of thought, speech, writing, organisation and movement; and, anyway, a moral sense is something which cannot be sought urgently but must be developed patiently.

It would be both a moral and a factual error to believe that what Solzhenitsyn says is the pure and simple truth just

LETTERS

Dear People,

...Would also like to have a go at D.L.M. in "Through the Anarchist Press" in vol 37 no 8 where he refers to the Red Army Fraction (not Baader-Meinhoff) and various other "violent" activists as "a gang of pornographic models, petty thieves and millionaire's daughters". Whatever views are held on these groups and their methods, there is no need to sink to the levels of the "popular press". I am suspicious that such remarks were influenced by the "Chapman Pinchers" of this world where sex (pornographic models), crime (petty thieves) and money (millionaire's daughters) go together. I do believe he missed out drugs and left wing politics. It shows a marked lack of knowledge of the personnel of these groups and above all a certain type of narrow mindedness usually found in the House of Commons. Well, will retire now - does D.L.M. want a blindfold, and a brick or concrete wall?

Greetings,
Dafydd.

Dear Freedom,

As both a pacifist and an anarchist, I was rather worried at your comments (D.L.M.) in "Through the Anarchist Press" of the 17th April 1976 edition of "Freedom".

It did a very great and effective demolition job on Meltzer and his support of certain revolutionary groups. In fact it did a better job

because it is said by an extraordinary man and because it is accepted by many ordinary men. As Oscar Wilde said: 'Truth is never pure and rarely simple.' Solzhenitsyn's moving sermons are a mixture of truth and falsehood on a grand scale; his followers' excited echoes are the same mixture on a small scale. The problems of the world are far more complex than a single struggle between good and evil; the problems of the West are far more complex than a mere lack of moral fibre. Solzhenitsyn knows a great deal about Russia, but very little about the West; he has a good excuse for this, though not for refusing to recognise it. His followers have no excuse at all for repeating what they know or should know is not true.

There are many people who oppose communist tyranny as much as Solzhenitsyn (though at much less cost) or Levin (though for much less pay), but who also oppose anti-communist tyranny, whether in Nazi Germany or Fascist Italy, or in such places as Spain and Chile, Greece and Iran, South Africa and South Korea. We have the right to ask anti-communist propagandists what they want the West to do. Do they want the war of words we have now, or a war of threats like the Cold War, or a war of bombs and guns like the one in Vietnam, which both communists and anti-communists supported with equal, but opposite, enthusiasm? If what Solzhenitsyn is really saying is that we should fight for Western imperialism against communist imperialism, he and his followers cannot be surprised if people say, 'A plague o' both your houses!' Nicolas Walter.

From the letters columns of The Listener published 29 April, 1976.

than most of the Fleet Street Press papers could have done.

It seems to me that such descriptions of various groups as being homicidal etc., etc., is to serve only as a gift to the State. Because the Editors (by the way who are they?) of "Freedom" have chosen to withhold support from such groups, it does not follow that everyone who disagrees is a violent psychopath. This type of abuse (it is hardly argument) only serves the interests of those who like to equate violence and terrorism with anarchism.

The same issue of "Freedom" devoted an article to "Mutual Aid". It talks about how anarchists have failed each other. It would seem to me that such a notion would imply that even if we disagree with people, we should at least take their arguments seriously. To do otherwise is the stock in trade of Power Politics.

Fraternally,
Peter Stanford.

In Through the Press, D.L.M. - whoever he or she is - says "Freedom" has made "justified attacks" on me for a long time. These attacks have always been both highly personal and downright lies. One instance: when you falsely reported that von Rauch was shot by the police because he was a member of the RAF, and I corrected you pointing out he was not and was secretary of the Anarchist Black Cross, while eventually conceding it with bad grace, for the next couple of issues I became a "professor", "middle class" a "believer only in violence". How was this "justified"? The means by the end?

I could give many other instances but the references to "Freedom" in "Black Flag" (D.L.M. assumes every one is by me) have never been personal, usually been in reply and never been lies.

D.L.M. is dishonest when he takes remarks out of context and distorts them; however there is a difference between his type of dishonesty (which he shares with Gerry Healy and many other politicians) and the contrasted, financial dishonesty of other trotskyists to which the article in question referred; D.L.M. misquotes it to make it sound in admiration of Healy. Incidentally, when did Healy's heavies ever attack anyone than other trots? Is that what DLM was or is?

Albert Meltzer.
(Founder member, Editorial Board "War Commentary")

DLM replies: Like a good politician, Mr Meltzer evades the main issue (where in Freedom are the fantasmal attacks on Graham and Bonnano?) and changes the subject. He was described as "Professor Meltzer" by Abel Paz on page 488 of his biography of Durruti, and this description was repeated by D.B. in his review of the book: nothing to do with the Von Rauch correspondence. Nowhere in that correspondence was he called "middle class" or a "believer only in violence", though he is called "not serious". The article mentioning Healy was entitled "On the Death of Workers' Press" and the sentences about Healy came before any mention of the IMG. If Mr Meltzer attempted to sell Black Flag on a WRP march, he would soon discover that the attentions of Healy's heavies are not confined to Alan Thorrett and the IMG.

The other two comrades should read more carefully. Nowhere do I describe anybody as a "violent psychopath". The description, "pornographic..." refers to the Symbionese Liberation Army. What privileged knowledge does Dafydd have of the make-up of this group? Where does Black Flag treat any of the arguments expressed in Freedom seriously?

Through the Anarchist Press

IBERIA

The Iberian peninsula and its political vicissitudes are once again a dominant theme in current anarchist journalism. The latest issue of *A - Rivista Anarchica*, (Cas. Post. 3240, 20100 Milano, Italy), for April, is a "Speciale Spagna". The series of articles which justify this title, are the report of a visit made to Spain by a joint representative of the magazine and of the Milan-based "Comitato Spagna Libertaria". They cover his general impressions of the atmosphere in the Spanish capital, interviews and meetings with CNT militants, an account of the political in-fighting at an assembly of one of the Workers' Commissions, an interview with Juan Gomez Casas about the role of the CNT in the coming struggles, and an account of the meeting of 700 delegates of the CNT at a cinema in Barcelona.

CIPRIANO MERA

La Rue no. 21 (24, rue Paul-Albert, 75018 Paris, France), a quarterly anarchist cultural and literary review published by the "Groupe Libertaire Louise-Michel", contains a biographical article on Cipriano Mera by F. Gomez Pelaez, which is interspersed with quotations from Mera's reminiscences, recently published posthumously (in Spanish) by Ruedo Iberico, under the title, "Guerra, exilio y carcel de un anarcosindicalista".

This issue of the magazine also contains a 15 page article by Maurice Joyeux on "The future of the anarchist revolution in Spain", which gives a general overview of the development of the anarchist movement in Spain and prognostications on the future of the movement.

THE DISTORTIONS OF TIME

Our Generation (3934 rue St. Urbain, Montreal, Quebec, Canada) Vol. 11, Number 2, devotes its opening 23 pages to the current situation in Portugal. Of particular interest to anarchists will be two interviews with a militant of the Portuguese anarchist movement, on the current situation of the libertarians in that country. The Portuguese Libertarian Movement has been dissolved into a larger Federacao Anarquista Da Regiao Portuguesa - FAI, which means that the Portuguese anarchists still see themselves as part of a larger Iberian Movement.

Another article pinpoints the distortions in a *Time* magazine article about recent political developments in Portugal, and the two other articles give valuable background information to recent events.

In fact, this is a very interesting issue of *Our Generation* as a whole, with articles by Martin Glaberman on "The Role of Work and Working class Consciousness", by Fred Caloren on "Industrial Space: The Urban World of Manuel Castells", by Dimitrios Roussopoulos : "Beyond Reformism: The Ambiguity of the Urban Question", and by Martin Meissner: "Women and Inequality: At work - At Home".

BAKUNIN YEAR

The May 5th issue of *L'Internazionale* (Cas. postale 173, 60100 Ancona, Italy) has the following notice on its front page:

"An international convention of Bakunin studies, promoted by the "Gruppi Anarchici Federati" and patronised by the libertarian cultural association A. & B. Carocari, will take place in Venice from the 24th to 26th September this year."

"Scholars from various countries, and of various specializations will participate in this con-

vention organized for the centenary of Bakunin's death. Plans have been made for speeches and communications to cover a wide gamut of themes related to the thought and action of the great Russian anarchist.

"Amongst those who have already responded positively to the invitation are: P.C. Masini, L. Briguglio, L. Pellicani, D. Settembrini, H. Arvon, T. Tomasi, D. Guerin, F. Della Peruta, S. Rota Ghibaudi, G. Cerrito, M. Enckell and P. Avrich.

"All comrades interested in this initiative and who wish to send suggestions or financial contributions, and/or to be present at the convention, and/or to participate in the discussion are invited to get in touch with the secretary of the convention (Nico Berti, cas. post. 541, 35100 Padova, Italy). In addition, all anarchist and sympathising publishing houses are asked to send copies of all their publications by and about Bakunin, for an exhibition which is being prepared for the convention."

MORE ON MACHAJSKI

Mark Weber, of the Kropotkin Society which publishes *Equality. A Libertarian Review*, has sent us the following letter:

"Nicolas Walter's comment in *Freedom's Anarchist Review* (April 2, 1976) that the Polish-Russian revolutionary heretic Jan Waclaw Machajski (1866-1926) is a fairly well-known figure may be true for the British Isles and the Continent; but I do not believe it is the case in the United States. Scholars in Russian hist-

ory and old timers in the anarchist movement know of Machajski, but younger anarchists do not. In any case, I believe Machajski's ideas deserve to be re-evaluated if we can even say they were evaluated in the first place.

"What follows is a short list of studies of Machajski which may be of interest to the readers of *Freedom* [this is the list that was published in the letters column of the last Anarchist Review, with the addition of an article by Max Nomad, "White Collars and Horny Hands" in *Modern Quarterly*, Fall 1932, pp. 68-76.]

"Finally, in the front of an edition of *Umstvenni Rabochii*, published by Inter-Language Literary Associates of New York City and available from Rausen Publishers of 124 West 72 St., New York City 10023 for about \$8.50, there is a short biographical sketch of Machajski (in English) written by Albert Parry (pp. 7-22). It is my hope and I am certain the hope of Nicolas Walter also that one day *Umstvenni Rabochii* (431 pages long) will be translated into English so that Machajski's ideas in his own words will be available for all of us to read."

The latest two issues of *Equality* (available from the Kropotkin Society, Post Office Box 2418, Evansville, IN 47714, U.S.A.) are devoted to Rudolf Rocker and Robert Michels. The choice of Michels is interesting, since along with Machajski he was one of the prime intellectual influences on Max Nomad, particularly his concept of the Iron Law of Oligarchy.

D.L.M.

BOOKSHOP NOTES

To lead off this week two new titles on Reich, one English, one American, the English title is *Reich & Sexual Freedom*, by Eustace Chesser, (£ 1.25 + 16p post) - a useful introduction to the whole range of Reich's life and work; the other is *Wilhelm Reich: The Evolution of his Work*, by David Boadella (£ 2.95 + 42p post), which, in addition to a detailed analysis of Reich's theories, also includes appendices on Reich's life and influence by Myron Sharaf, Roger du Teil, Nic Waal, Ola Raknes and A.S. Neill.

Journeyman Press are one of the many little presses in and around the place doing sterling work creating new work and keeping neglected classics available, two of their recent titles that fall into the latter category are: Jack London's *The Iron Heel* (75p + 16p post) and Ignazio Silone's *Fontamara* (75p + 14p post).

Two classics of Anarchism recently made available in the U.S. are again in stock and need little recommendation: Peter Arshinov's *The History of the Makhnovist Movement 1918-21* (£ 2.50 + 26p post) and Voline's *The Unknown Revolution 1917-21* (£ 3.50 + 48p post). This is the first time the Arshinov has been made available in English; also the first time the Voline has been made available in its entirety in English.

Apart from Post-Scarcity Anarchism, none of Murray Bookchin's considerable output of valuable study is easily available in this country. We have recently imported two of his books, *The Limits of the City* (1973) (£ 1.95 + 14p post) and *Our Synthetic Environment* (1962, revised 1974) (£ 2.50 + 29p post). The former concentrates on the dangers and artificialities of the rural/urban divide; the latter was, and is, a

pioneering work on the implications of a study of ecology for libertarians, and on the links between pollution and centralisation/authoritarianism. Perhaps I should also mention here, to save Solidarity (U.K.) writing in, their recent and excellent pamphlet by Bookchin, *On Spontaneity and Organisation* (£ 0.10 + 7p post)

Also again in stock we have Sam Dolgoff's fascinating compilation *The Anarchist Collectives* (£ 2.50 + 26p post) including contributions from Augustin Souchy, Diego Abad de Santillan, Jose Peirats, and many others, including, of course, Gaston Leval, Dolgoff's extracts from whom have been taken in part from Leval's *Espagne Libertaire*, which is of course available complete in Vernon Richards' translation, published by Freedom Press as *Collectives in the Spanish Revolution* by Gaston Leval, published in paper at £ 2 (+ 48p post) and in cloth at £ 4 (+ 62p post).

Three new titles with which to end; first, "From Georges Sorel: Essays in Socialism and Philosophy", edited by John L. Stanley (£ 3.95 + 42p post) including extracts from "Critical Essays on Marxism," "The Illusions of Progress," "Reflections on Violence," and much more. Tony Bunyan's much needed and highly detailed study of *The History and Practice of the Political Police in Britain* (£ 4.95 + 48p post) which gives useful information on the history and role of the Special Branch, the organisation of the different types of police force operating in the U.K.; aspects of the political uses of the law, M.I.5, surveillance techniques, the private security industry and counter-revolutionary preparations. Finally, the most recent volume of Thames and Hudson's *Documents of Revolution* series: *1848 in France* (£ 1.95 + 24p post) edited by Roger Price, copiously illustrated, it is a fascinating collection of original documents, speeches, tracts and more.

J.H.